

The New Unity

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Contents

EDITORIAL.	Page.
Notes	449
Our "Program".....	450
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT.	
The Farmer's Opportunity, by MISS ELLEN C. LLOYD-JONES.....	451
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.	
A Day on the Hudson (<i>verse</i>), by J. T. SUNDERLAND; Look to the Mountain Tops, by ALICE G. HERRING.....	452
The Underside Up, by M. A. A. STILES; Behind the Voice (<i>verse</i>); Garden Secrets, by MADGE V. KNEVELS.....	453
A Neglected Gift.....	454
What is Prayer? (<i>verse</i>); The Jewish New Year....	455
Mental Work; Max Nordau.....	456
THE HOME.	
Helps to High Living (Geo. MacDonald); To Every one his Own (<i>verse</i>); "Lay Hold on the Better Part," by MRS. JESSIE WHITSITT; Clothing.....	457
THE LIBERAL FIELD.....	458
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.....	459
THE STUDY TABLE.....	460
ANNOUNCEMENTS	464

Editorial

*The holidays were fruitful, but must end;
One August evening had a cooler breath;
Into each mind intruding duties crept;
Under the cinders burned the fires of home;
Nay, letters found us in our paradise:
So in the gladness of the new event
We struck our camp and left the happy hills.*

—Emerson.

In our editorial this week we have put our appeal but will our readers bear with us if we urge again a personal appeal to each one of them? How many subscribers to THE NEW UNITY are there in your neighborhood? How many of your acquaintances in your judgment would enjoy and profit by its visitations? Have you ever talked to them about

it? Do you lend your copy? Will you see what you can do towards extending our word and increasing your usefulness?

THE NEW UNITY welcomes with the opening season of work Rev. T. J. Horner to his new field at Battle Creek and Rev. Thos. Byrnes to the work at Manistee. Such men will strengthen the work not only in these towns but in the state of Michigan and in the state at large.

THE following from one of the leaflets recently put out by the pastor Rev. V. E. Southworth to All Souls Church, Janesville, Wisconsin, is good advice to Sunday School workers elsewhere.

"You cannot draw water from an empty well. Come to your class with heart and mind full. Beware how you insist upon the pupils accepting your ideas. Let them speak freely for themselves. Provide the right conditions for growth, but let the child do the growing. If we dictate too absolutely we *envelop* instead of *develop* the child's thoughts."

THE pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, returned to his pulpit last Sunday, after ten weeks' absence, to the place warm and ready for his immediate stroke, kept thus by his own people. The program of speakers and subjects published in June last was carried out to the very letter. Not a stitch was dropped and the audiences have been increasingly large and appreciative. In every way a parish thus served will be strengthened by the vacation. Why do not more churches do the same thing?

THE friends of rational Sunday School instruction may well delight in the contributions which are to be made this year to the tool chest of the liberal Sunday School work. Mr. Gannett's Lessons in the Six Years' Course and Mr. Gould's Nature Leaflets are lessons which ought not to be confined to the narrow limits of the Unitarian household, and we regret that there is a hint of such a limit in the imprint. Mr. Gould's lessons particularly are available to the younger children in any school, as appropriate in the Catholic Church as in the Unitarian, and perhaps they might be more used in the day schools than in the Sunday Schools if they could find their way into the market where children's literature and educational works are sold without denominational badges or implications.

THE pastor of All Souls Church, of Janesville, Wis., is another minister who is learning that there is mental and moral economy

in working on long lines. Sight your subjects from afar, brethren, if you want to have rich sermons. The minister who never knows the Sunday before what he is going to preach about on the next Sunday, may consider the question as to whether he had better preach at all. Mr. Southworth has the following three months' program. His people will go to meeting and keep awake: Our Church: What can it do for Janesville? The Use and Abuse of Freedom. Piety: Natural and Artificial. The Rationale of Faith. The Gospel of Buddha. I. The Qualities of Man. II. The Equalities of Man. III. The Inequalities of Man. The Gospel of Confucius. What the Jew has Done for Mankind. Immortality. Providence and Improvidence.

THE "Church Annual" has come to stay as an indispensable tool in the working church. There lies before us the annuals of Unity Church, Cleveland, Ohio, of the Stuart Avenue Universalist Church of Chicago and the *Dec-Annual* (if we may coin a term) of Unity Church, Sioux City. The latter shows forth the large work accomplished by that society during the first ten years of its life. All these annuals show that the tool is being evolved on one general plan. In form and matter these books are proving much alike. The work of preparing such a book containing reports of work done the year past, of work to be done the year to come and a directory of the officers and members of the parish is great but it pays. It is in fact a part of the usefulness itself. They all point to the next church officer to be evolved—the "Parish Assistant." This is an officer unique in service and new in the order of time. An office as distinct from the office of the minister as is the nurse distinct from the physician, and quite as important to the minister of a life-giving religion as the nurse is to a good physician. This is a new opening to women and young men. It should be a respected and paid service. No money invested in the parish will bring larger or more prompt returns.

AS the senior editor of THE NEW UNITY returns to the editorial desk, his first duty is to say a kindly farewell and God-speed on behalf of himself and the friends and readers of THE NEW UNITY everywhere, to the one who has faithfully discharged the duties of office editor for the last two years and a half. With the first number of September, Frederic W. Sanders severed his relations with THE NEW UNITY, the exigencies of life

sweeping him in the way of wider duties and larger usefulness. The office editing is a thankless task in any paper, and Mr. Sanders has attended to the routine work with painstaking fidelity and earnest sympathy, while his own contributions to the columns of the paper have not been inconsiderable, particularly in the Study Table department. Mr. Sanders came to us a ripe scholar; at that time he was an alumnus of New York College, the Columbia Law School, the Cambridge Divinity School and had a master's degree from Harvard. Since his connection with THE NEW UNITY he has carried on a diligent course of study at the Chicago University in the departments of Philosophy and Sociology and received his "Ph. D." from that university at its last summer convocation. He has recently received a fellowship at Columbia College and after a season of rest, the first which he has taken since he took up the work at THE NEW UNITY office, March, 1893, he goes to Columbia to further pursue his study of sociology and fit himself for a teacher in the same. While in the city Mr. Sanders gave close and sympathetic study to the work of the Hull House and from the outset has been a warm friend and diligent supporter of the Liberal Congress. He was a sympathetic yoke fellow, a willing burden bearer and we will miss his helpful hand, but we rejoice in his opening prospects and again bid him a loving farewell from office drudgery and a cheerful God-speed in his quest for usefulness. The world needs such helpfulness. May there be more of them.

Our "Program."

Both the quest and the terror of sociologists is a "program." Alas for him who in college class-room or before the public, undertakes to teach sociology but refuses to offer a "social program," to make any suggestion as to a remedy; but woe to the professor or the lecturer who ventures to give a "social program." Then at once he becomes the prey of the critics, the target of the witlings. He who recognizes the ill-adjustments of modern society but refuses to prescribe for the same is promptly suspected of timidity. He who, however modestly and tentatively, does offer such a remedy is forthwith announced as rash and very bold. The dilemma of the professor of sociology is the dilemma of the would-be liberal preacher today in regard to the problems of organization. It is quite the thing for such a minister to denounce the evils of sectarianism in the abstract. He loves the ideal suggested by the Parliament of Religions and its more humble but more practical child, the Liberal Congress. Some day he thinks that this ideal must be realized and that after a while the principle will become workable; but not *just yet* is it safe to begin. The Congress has any number of friends to applaud it and to uphold it if it maintains a masterly "inactivity"; so long as it is content to do nothing so long is it admissible. But if it ventures a "program" however humble

and tentative, then it becomes a target of criticism and in its attempt to put down the spirit of sectarianism by uniting sect material in common work in any place however remote, in any village however weak, then it is diligently charged with "trying to make another sect" and the wit implied in that happy turn of a phrase has taken the place of logic and proven more than argument to many a minister who has been scared off by this shadowy ghost. Not long ago our esteemed fellow worker, Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, an early friend of the Congress, one of its vice-presidents, in an article in *The Christian Register* boasted of his interest in it and his loyalty to it, believed, as we recall the article (it is not at hand at present writing), that the liberal sects ought to work together, that such a fusion must come and that in smaller places it is not only foolish but wicked to try to preserve the denominational lines of Universalist, Unitarian, Jew, etc.; but he also fears the activities and effort to realize this as a "one more sect movement." Just where to draw the line between theory and practice, between prophesy and realization, he does not indicate.

As for the present writer and so far as he has a right to speak for THE NEW UNITY it is but fair to say that we have ventured the dangerous thing and have a "program." Having a comparatively clear diagnosis of the disease, this diagnosis being concurred in by most of the ministers in question, we venture to suggest a remedy, even at the risk of failure and disappointment. Our "program" is clear. We would not touch in the least the autonomy of any existing organization. Let Unitarian churches remain Unitarian churches to the end of the chapter if they so choose. The same to the Universalist and other churches; with them and for them we will gladly continue to work. But for the future and for the five hundred or more towns west of the Alleghanies, with a population of upward of three thousand, where the liberal elements are wholly unorganized, liberal sentiment is inchoate and where it is impossible or were it possible, where it would be criminal to try to dissect the town still further by forcing another sectarian movement, even though it be under the promising name Unitarian or Universalist, there we propose to do everything we can towards establishing a Congress church, that is, a people's church, that will bring together the unorganized and incoherent elements in a community church bound together only by the "great law and life of love," committed only to bringing in the kingdom of righteousness and love in that community.

This is our "program," and the "next thing" to do seems to us comparatively clear. First, do something. Second, do where nothing else is being done or can be done. Third, do it only with and for those who cannot and who will not restrict their fellowship or their energies by a word that carries with it dogmatic and controversial associations. Fourth, raise money for this

end in every legitimate way. Train men for it. Print and publish in its interests. The Congress at its last session asked for \$5,000 contribution this year for its work. Soon after the work of raising it was begun the vacation lull came upon us. Now we come from our vacation shades to take up the task. We are looking for five hundred men and women who will give their five dollar annual membership to this work, and one hundred men and women who will give their twenty-five dollar life-membership to it this year, and we believe they are forthcoming. We are looking for the one thousand new subscribers to THE NEW UNITY which we need at once as the preliminary step towards giving it its ten thousand circulation. With the awakening of confidence that would come from this monetary pledge and the increased reading constituency will spring new tract literature, a better book-distributing agency and more adequate headquarters in Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New York and Boston. And with these better headquarters will come increasing numbers and higher types of young men and women into this ministry of the open church, and they will demand and find better ministerial training. Either in the old or new divinity schools there will be a more living curriculum of study where sociological rather than theological problems will receive primary attention.

This or something like it, is our "program" and we cannot be frightened away by the threat that "it won't work" or by the cry of "a new sect." We have all our life stood for things that "do not work very well." We aspire to the wisdom of Felix Holt when he said, "I have looked behind that word 'failure' and am not frightened by it." That this "program," indeed any "program" in sociology or for the sociological church, may seem intrusive and impertinent, we fully realize. The would-be *practical* man who always counts the cost and must see the end before he begins, distrusts it and so does the would-be high *idealist* who ignores the practical conditions and limitations in the way of his own sect work. The Jew who says "Judaism is good enough for me; we have it all now"; the Unitarian who says "I have all the liberty I want; the Unitarian church is the open church, it never had a limitation and has none now," and the Universalist of the same temper, will distrust and deplore this "program." There will be left only the venturesome—few, shall we say?—who are willing to take risks, to bank on the future and to work for the "impossible" and the "impractical," believing that with God these last things are the most *possible* and have the highest *practicability*.

Reader, read carefully this "program." Think of it. Do you like it? If so, are you going to help? Are you going to help now and are you going to help with just what you can and in the way you can? If so, begin by letting us know whether you are with us or not.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

The Farmer's Opportunity.

A paper read on "Citizen's Sunday" at the Tower Hill Institute, August 18, 1895.

BY MISS ELLEN C. LLOYD-JONES.

We need but glance through our country's history, to see what the farmer has already contributed to her welfare, in supplying her with noble presidents, able statesmen, wise judges, inspired poets and powerful orators. In the great wars which have been necessary to obtain her freedom and to maintain her unity, men who have been engaged in cultivating her hillsides and her prairies, who have "made her deserts blossom like the rose" have rallied round her flag with patriotic fervor. Today, I believe there is no other class of men and women which is more loyal to the interests of our country, than are the men and women who live on the farm. I like this chance to say my word for the farmers, with whom I am glad to be counted, as to our opportunity to contribute to that citizenship which is to up-build our country and bless the world.

I am not one who likes class distinctions in the industrial world, who would make a difference between black and white, who would lay emphasis on sect or party. I do not like to admit that the farmer is very different from the rest of the human family. Still, I do recognize that because of our isolation and peculiar environments, we farmers do have peculiar needs and peculiar dangers.

Farmers, as a class, if I read them aright, are much inclined to a pessimistic view of life. They habitually look upon the dark side of things and are thus prone to make their heavy burdens still heavier, by not shifting them often enough. The farmer becomes so accustomed to carry burdens, that he retains the bent figure, the earthward look, the slow step, even when he might enjoy the springing step of the more favored, and a heaven of beauty above him. I know well the struggle for existence which goes on in many, perhaps most of the farm homes of our land. Farming is a much less lucrative occupation than it ought to be. Perhaps nowhere else, is intelligent, persistent labor, for twelve hours a day all the year round, so poorly paid. A few weeks ago, it was my privilege, in company with a number of others from our valley homes, to drive through one of the most beautiful summer resorts of Wisconsin—Oconomowoc. Money has produced here everything that can be done to help nature in making the spot a garden of Eden. Eighty million dollars, I was told, have been expended on Lake La Belle alone, to produce results in architecture, in park, garden and conservatory that are marvelous.

Conspicuous among these palatial residences is that of one of the Armours into whose home to be enjoyed by him for a few summer months, one million dollars is said to have been put.

I did not enjoy the place, for it was borne in upon me that it was the farmer's pork that put the money Mr. Armour had thus to expend into his purse, while the poor men who had raised the corn, to produce the pork were still struggling with unpaid mortgages on unbeautified homes. I saw there too, Montgomery Ward's fine home, and his elegant equipage driven four-in-hand, and I remembered how many farmers in the land had contributed to his wealth

by buying his dry goods. Why these differences? Why do the farmers' products bring princely fortunes to these men and so little to the producers? Why must there be so many men enriched, between the producer on his farm in Wisconsin and the consumer of his products in Chicago? Where lies the remedy? Does it lie in free trade, co-operation, combination? Instead of looking downward with a groan for his hard lot, the farmer, if he would be a helpful citizen of the state, should strive in every possible way to answer these questions, to solve the problem, by studying causes and effects, and through education and the ballot change the conditions.

The pessimist is one, I believe, because he takes narrow views, and I fear farmers, as a class, are narrow men. They follow grooves, they read only one-sided newspapers, and alas, believe all these papers say, for their paper belongs to their particular party. Such farmers are certain they are right, and that those who differ from them are wholly wrong. They are inclined to believe that the city contains everything that is wicked and bad. In education, in politics, in religion, they are content to have everything remain as it has been. Changes of any kind are a trial to them. In money matters they are not generous, even when they can afford to be; their contributions are meager toward church and school and philanthropic work. They do not buy tickets for a good course of lectures. There are few books on their shelves and these are behind the times and seldom opened. Friends, if we would hide the farmer in the good citizen which we are trying to create today, we must educate ourselves and our children into a wider view of life.

Daily do the conflicts between the material things that are seen, and the immaterial things of life occur. Looking upon short lines, the apparent good outweighs the real good. On long lines the seeming impractical becomes the most practical. Now, as always, to *be* is more than to have. Money has a value, only as it procures comfort, leisure, culture. Let us not fret unduly about the material but ground well ourselves and our children in the ways of rectitude; stimulate our minds to clear thinking; quicken the conscience to be the guide; make the sympathies active to feel another's need. Let us be more eager to put good into the world, than to get good out of it.

How shall we, as farmers, get this wider vision? How shall we make the most of our opportunities? Of ourselves? How shall we learn to so legislate, that we may be certain of a fair reward for our toil if we labor thoughtfully and lead temperate lives? How may we stand a fair chance to secure a competence without yielding body and soul to the struggle? How can we make our youth feel the farmer's calling is a respectable and a desirable one to lead? How can we attain to that culture of body, mind and heart that will enable us to correct or to endure the ills of life? These are the questions I would like to answer for the farmer were it in my power to do so.

One of the greatest helps to this wide view comes to us through travel, through contact with people of other callings in cities and towns. Freer intercourse between people in the city and dwellers in the country would result in great good to both. If there could be more "Tower Hill" retreats on more of the hill-slopes of our beloved river, it would be a fine thing for the farming communities about them, as well as for the weary, over-worked people from the city, who would find there the renewal that they need. Perhaps, some philanthropist,

who has come close enough to the heart of the country people, to guess their occasional hunger for change, their longing to hear fine music, to see beautiful pictures, to come in sight of the leading men and women of our times, will provide a winter-resort in the city for the farmers, where safely and at a moderate expense they can find comfortable accommodations, where they can be provided with obliging guides, and accompanied through the most interesting parts of the city. They will thus be able to attend operas, concerts, and lectures without infringing upon the home comforts of city friends and relatives whom they love too well to burden with their presence.

We find, in the valley school* yonder, an excellent illustration of the value of this interchange of life. We have there as you know, a little community that is about equally made up of young people from the large cities and from our own country side.

The city boys and girls, all of them, when they first come to us, consciously or unconsciously, feel that they are several degrees higher up the scale of humanity, than are the new specimens that they find in the seats beside them. The new pupils from the country look askance at their city neighbors and are quite sure in their hearts, that they are *prigs*, vain of their fine clothes and polished manners. Daily contact in the classroom and playground, quickly does away with all invidious distinctions. The country child soon learns that his city neighbor has a tender, loving heart. The city child as readily finds that the country child has a clear head, that underneath the rougher exterior are the qualities he admires, and down through the years of school trials and successes, they move along with arms lovingly entwined, each contributing to the other's growth, until when the time of separation comes, influences have been felt, friendships have ripened, which often result in continued exchange of visits and courtesies in the years that follow, blessing both city and country residents.

The farmer, if he would be a helpful citizen, must learn to distrust the daily newspaper published in the interest of party politics. Sad, though it be, it is generally conceded, that men and measures are grossly misrepresented in the daily papers. An independent paper whose managers will allow the best men on all sides to publish their convictions without hindrance or comment, would enable men and women to form unbiased opinions. Magazine articles, on current topics, are usually more carefully written, and books are still safer guides. The farmer seldom has time to read these. I trust the time is not far distant when he will make time to do so and thus render himself less liable to become a tool in the politician's hands. In the interests of better citizenship, let me plead for a broad all-around education of the farmer's child.

I would ignore the limiting word. The farmer's child, as every other child, has a body to be trained to serve him, an intellect to be taught to reason, a soul to be saved from selfishness and sordid meanness. Let us no longer look at a farmer's child as one who is, by virtue of his father's calling, any different in his organization or needs, from every other child. If there be development for the merchant's boy in translating a difficult page of Latin, or in reading a German

*The Hillside-Home School, situated in a beautiful valley on the Wisconsin River, 3 miles from the nearest railroad station; Spring Green, Wis., two and one-half miles from Tower Hill, one hundred and thirty miles west of Milwaukee. The school is connected with a hundred acre farm and is owned and managed by the Jones Sisters, one of whom is the present speaker. EDITORS./

poem, in like manner there is development for the son of a man who sells cattle, instead of yards of cotton cloth. If the playing of the sonatas of Beethoven brings joy into the life of a lawyer's daughter on Broadway, it may bring the same joy to a farmer's daughter living upon an unnamed highway. If the painting of the exquisite petals of a rose adds refinement and appreciation to the one, it may also do so to the other. If to learn to control the muscles so that they move to the rhythm of music, gives grace and self-possession to the sons and daughters of the city, let the sons and daughters of the farm develop grace and self-possession in the same way.

If a college course better fits for this work, the lawyer, the doctor, the engineer, who, in these days when practical chemistry is analyzing the soil at his feet, and discovering bacteria, useful and otherwise, in his pail of milk, who can doubt that the college course will enable his child to become a better farmer as well as a more intelligent citizen?

I plead for the recognition of this fact. Get the culture of the college if you can. If you can't, still get the culture, through the helps which the university brings to your doors in its extension work. Read good books, write, travel. Mr. Gannett, in a recent number of the *Christian Register*, has a fine article on "Culture Without College," which should be in the hands of every person who thirsts for knowledge and has not time or money to buy college privileges.

I have spoken of the need of culture of the body and mind for the farmer, still more should he possess the culture of the heart, if we would make him fulfil all the duties of citizenship. Amid the jostling of the crowded city, dazzled by the pomp and show which mislead him, bewildered by the noises which constantly surround him, man may forget to be reverent, may, for a time, banish the thought of *God, Soul, Destiny*, from his mind; but looking up into the blue dome above him as he follows his plow in the field; trying to realize the majesty of the great worlds that are rolling in space about him as he lies, in the hush of the evening, upon the grass at his door; witnessing the ever-repeating miracles of the budding spring and the "burning bush" of autumn, observing everywhere, the mystery of birth, the love which cares for the birdling in its nest, and enfolds the young plant in the petals of the flower—under these conditions, how can man help being reverent, religious?

"I but open my eyes and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen
God,

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, and the clod.

And thus looking about me, I ever renew

(With that stoop of the soul which in bending, upraises it too.)

The submission of man's nothing perfect to God's all complete,

As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet."

The nineteenth century has, by some one, been aptly called the "century of woman." It is indeed a glorious era for woman. College doors have everywhere flung open to her. Occupations that have proved lucrative to man have all been successfully followed by woman.

Now, a "woman with a mission" is no longer ridiculed. Rather is the ignominy hers, who listlessly sits with folded hands and vacant brain, while father or husband assiduously toils for her support. Rapid emancipation from a style of dress that produces weakness and disease, is taking place. The ballot is forthcoming for her and the free woman is the co-worker with her brother,

a burden lifter in the home and the world.

Just as surely do the times indicate that the twentieth century, in this western world, is to be the glorious good time of the farmer. Labor-saving machines will give him greater leisure and do away with the drudgery of the farm. The blessed middle ground of competency will be his. He will be safe from the curse of grinding poverty and from the burden and responsibility of great riches. He will have time to enjoy the beauties of nature, the delights of music, the companionship of the best minds through books. The farmers of the opening century will be cultivated men and women; your sons and daughters, farmers of today, if you do your duty toward your children. They will be glad to escape the scramble for wealth which the immense competition in the city makes a necessity. They will not covet the life of the business man, which is so full of anxiety and care that he has neither strength nor opportunity to enjoy his home and the wealth of good things which the city has to give. The twentieth century will bring joy to your sons and daughters, if they are prepared for it in these closing years of the nineteenth. Remember, times have changed. What was good for you may not be possible for your sons and daughters. The influences which made for character in the beginning of this century are wanting in the latter part of it and will be wanting still more in the opening years of the fast coming century. You, farmer friends and neighbors, must seek new motives and interests for your children, lest they settle down listlessly and aimlessly into the comfortable nests, you, through struggle have made for them, or, what seems equally deplorable, sink into a narrow sordid life of mere money making.

The new interests are to come through wider knowledge, broader sympathies, a feeling of oneness with humanity and an absorbing desire to help the world upward.

So would I see the farmers of the future. I am loth to close, without paying my tribute of respect to the brave farmers whose heads are now gray, whose hands are hard and whose shoulders are bent by the unrelenting toil of the pioneer. Brave and true has been his life, who in spite of, nay, because of his environments, was educated in self-reliance and self-denial and manly fortitude.

Honor to the Abraham Lincolns of America, who in the dark hours, by the aid of a pitch pine knot or a tallow dip, learned to read and to cipher, yes, and to think, in a way that enabled them to cut down forests, to break the tough soil of the prairie, to build the cabin and to rear a sturdy family of children; to serve as doctor when the terrible sickness came. Aye, the preacher too, with a prayer for strength and a song of hope, when his skill as physician had proved too small and the open grave received one of his dear ones, then to go back to his lonely, bereaved household and with a cheerful trust that "God moves in a mysterious way" to struggle on. Who that carries a memory in his heart of such a crown of life, in kind the same as that which makes Abraham Lincoln the revered one for every true American today, dares call such heroic men and women uneducated, untrained? Though they use not the most approved English, though they know not the wealth of the poet nor the skill of the painter, they do possess that wisdom which is more than knowledge; that which makes the men and women of a later day sit in reverence at their feet.

Miss Alberta Scott, of Cambridge, Mass., is the first colored girl to enter the Harvard "Annex," or rather Radcliffe College.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

A Day on the Hudson.

BY J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Oh perfect joy! Oh peaceful rest!—
A day upon the Hudson's breast!
Oh river bright and fair and wide!
As o'er thy silver waves I glide,
With changing scenes on either hand,
The world becomes a fairyland.
Oh waters bright! Oh waves of white!
How gay you dance beneath the light!
Oh classic stream, whose every gleam
Is touched with myth and poets' dream!
Oh banks more grand and scenes more fine
Than make renowned the classic Rhine!
Oh hills of green and dells between
Where shade and sunshine dwell serene!
Oh homes of peace, Oh nests of love,
That crest each hill and star each grove!
Oh rocks so hoar and cliffs so high,
Where vultures soar and eagles cry!
Oh mountains far, our vision's rim,
How weird you are, with outline dim!
What legends old, what fancies new,
Do wreath about your peaks of blue!
Oh river wide on whose vast tide
The vessels of the nations ride,
As sail your ships to all the seas
Bear messengers of love and peace.
Oh hearts that beat above your tides
As on her way my steamer glides!
I gaze in eyes that show no tear,
I look on cheeks that show no fear,
But hid beneath a smiling face
And far below all outward trace
God only knows what hearts are glad;
God comfort all whose hearts are sad!
Oh would the peace of this fair day
Might smile all human griefs away!

Look to the Mountain Tops.

BY ALICE G. HERRING.

Several months ago, as I was riding down town one morning, a certain turn in the street brought into full view that grand range of mountains which is Colorado's pride and glory. I looked towards it, and said to a friend who sat beside me: "I never tire of that magnificent view." He glanced in the direction indicated, and exclaimed: "What, those back yards and tumble down fences!" I looked where he was looking, and for the first time in all the years I had traveled that road, twice each day, I discovered that there was a long row of very shabby houses, backs towards us, which were as far as possible from inviting in appearance. I assured him that I referred to the mountains beyond; that I never noticed the houses before. He smiled, and remarked that he didn't see how I could look at the mountains and not see the houses.

The conversation set me to thinking. I wondered how many there are who, without knowing it, have their eyes focused on the "back yards" of life, who might, by raising their gaze a little higher, find so much more of inspiration and beauty. We will rise to what we see. We must fix our eyes on the mountain tops, overlooking what intervenes. James Whitcomb Riley beautifully refers to flowers as "living melodies the eyes may listen to." So are the mountains grand symphonies that lift the soul above earth's in-harmony, and while the eyes are listening to such music they cannot see anything lower. Can we not so fill our souls with

the high views of life that the lower and degrading ones will be crowded out?

It is heartrending to think of any one's mental horizon being limited to the harrowing, soul-destroying dead level of material life and its physical necessities, with never a look beyond, over the gross and slimy things that fill the alleyways of life, to the shining sunlight on the white tops where earth's dust never reaches.

Let us rise up, try our sight, and see how far it can pierce. You will never deny yourself those glances towards the heights when you have once tried, and found how refreshing they are. I know we must walk for awhile among the rubbish, but we need not rivet our gaze thereon. An occasional glance to keep from stumbling will be enough. Let us only look down to avoid what is underfoot, but never expect to find there the help and inspiration that only the far-seeing eye can discover.

The Underside Up.

BY M. A. A. STILES.

Every question has its other side. To turn the underside up, that every one may get a broad view of it, seems only fair; but one is not everywhere justified in doing so; as for instance in those communities where the majority of religious people condemn popular amusements. To defend them seems almost heretical.

Dancing is wrong, playing cards is wrong and theater going is wrong, they say, and the young man who dares to take pleasure in them is regarded in that locality as an unfit companion for any young lady who is a member of the church.

There have originated of late so many summer sports and amusements that young people are less liable than hitherto to be dangerously fascinated by what are commonly known as popular amusements. So much for social progress. Yet in the winter season these older-timed indoor amusements afford entertainment in the most attractive form.

In some country places, card playing and dancing are about the only forms of recreation to which young people can have recourse after the severe weather sets in. What shall we do then? Shut out any enjoyment of them from every young person who is inclined to live a Christian life? Shall we tell the young man and the young woman that any participation in popular amusements is inconsistent with Christian living? Or shall we not teach them, rather, to discriminate between the public hall frequented by the promiscuous crowd and their own home or private places of assembly, in which to engage in these coveted pastimes; and between the natural endowments and cultivation of Ada Rehan and the unworthiness of Meg Jones on the stage?

Taste is largely a matter of association. It is important, therefore, that parents should begin very early to cultivate in the minds of their children an appreciation of such kinds of pleasure as can be enjoyed in wholesome places with people of discriminating taste. The child who is not so taught at home will be morally sure when he is his own master to have a perverted taste and look for opportunities of gratifying it in common or vulgar places.

Card playing and dancing will always be attractive to young people for the same reason that any amusement is enticing that brings the young man and the maiden face to face without embarrassment. We are all aware of the great danger of paralysis of the

tongue when young people meet together with nothing to do. When there is a chance for unconstrained action of some kind, conversation flows spontaneously and "the sweet intercourse of looks and smiles" is mutually enjoyed.

It is amazing that so many good people who have reached mature years, who have had their day of youthful enjoyment, should be so forgetful of it and so ready to prohibit any indulgence of the kind in the lives of their own boys and girls.

"You must not play cards," one father says sternly. "It is wicked." "You must not go to the theater. It is a sin." The chances are, this father does not know his son's associates.

The boy does not understand why these things might be called wrong, and he dares not ask; but he finds out for himself surely enough when an opportunity offers away from his father's observation. He finds a peculiar fascination in such amusements that another may not experience because they have been forbidden him, and forbidden pleasures have been charmingly tempting even since the days of Eve. Like Eve he does not see until too late that the greatest wrong of it all, it may be, is the secret disobedience involved. Another boy—a real boy, not one fancied—says, "Papa, I wish I could learn to play cards." His father says, "Very well; this evening after your school work is done, and if it is convenient for mamma, we will teach you." They teach him whist perhaps.

Another night the boy says, "Let us play whist again tonight, papa."

The father is a wise man, not merely an indulgent father. The one great purpose of his life is to develop in the highest degree and on the broadest plane the character of his children. Circumstances favor him now with an opportunity of teaching a lesson with regard to the fitness of time to engage in amusements.

He looks at the boy seriously, and says kindly: "This is Wednesday night, the night of our prayer-meeting. Play pleasure is not wrong if we take it up at a proper time and in a good place. I believe that; but remember always, Jack, my son, that we must never let any kind of sport interfere with our duty. When our present duties are done then comes play and frolic."

The lesson is plainly fixed in the boy's mind, and so reasonable and fair does the father's opinion and counsel appear to him that he soon adopts it and believes in it too.

After a time Barnum's circus is advertised to appear in town. "Oh, can't we go, papa?" cries this wide-awake boy.

His father knows that there will be a grand exhibition of some of the finest specimens of creation in the animal kingdom. A Columbian pageantry is another attractive feature of the display.

The father thinks how indelibly the great historical advent of Columbus into this country with many of the details of his experience incident to it will be impressed upon the boy's retentive mind. This boy too has the usual love of boys for athletic sports, and his father anticipates the keen enjoyment in store for him in witnessing the daring feats of skilled athletic performers. He gives his consent to his son's going to the circus, and probably goes with him. Later on another circus is advertised. A small, inferior company with the lowest aims, claims public patronage. The boy hears of it. A circus is a circus to a boy, and he asks his father confidently to take him to this one. The father answers "no," and then explicitly and thoughtfully explains the

difference between the two exhibitions. The boy appreciates the distinction set forth by his father, quickly enough, and although his curiosity may not be wholly appeased yet he is satisfied to be denied the gratification of it, and later, if not now, he comprehends the worthiness of his father's taste and judgment.

Surely the joyful side of a child's nature may be freely encouraged without fear of his becoming irreligious, and most assuredly, too, the religious nature may be cultivated without shutting out of the life a wholesome delight in the various recreations of the day.

We can best develop an all-round boy or girl by teaching that amusement is desirable and right, but that it is not the chief aim in life or the thing to be desired above all others; that usefulness and education and character stand first. He must be taught to make a choice of amusements under restriction of the best associations, and learn that fun is not always appropriate everywhere and under all circumstances.

A most important question for one to ask with regard to an amusement, whatever it is, is this: Shall I do wrong if I engage in it? Shall I be spending time that ought to be spent for studies or for my work? And this is one also: Shall I be using money for this entertainment that ought to be kept for something else? Then teach the boy to answer the question honestly and help him to act consistently. Parents must do this first for the child, until his taste and judgment and conscience are educated, and then he is safe. Safe from the pit-falls that ensnare inexperienced feet, safe from mere sensual indulgence, safe to choose the highest and the best of everything.

Behind the Voice.

BY RUTH WARD KAHN.

His voice was weak, and so I censured him,
Who having body spirit lacked,
Who having life yet soul had been denied.
But when he saw me worn and weary with the fray,
And almost ready down my tiresome task to lay,
He took me by the hand, and bade me see,
How near, how near, my goal lay unto me!
And left me there upon fair Pisgah's height,
For he, the man was "Will"
His voice was "Might."

Garden Secrets.

BY MADGE V. KNEVELS.

Fancy led me into a beautiful garden. A profusion of beauty crowned the parent earth. I passed along from one marvel to another, only to be lured on and still farther away by new wonders; and as I wandered, still more exquisite grew the fairy land about me. All was still save the gentle rustling of the foliage played upon by the murmuring zephyrs. A sweet voice reached my ear—I had thought I was alone—it was a tender violet peeping up at me, and as I stooped to hear what it might say I thought of those words of Tennyson:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies:
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

As I waited these words came to me from the violet:

"In this great world of bloom I am but a little flower. Many secrets hold I in my hand. I try to show to men the secret and power of love; that it is the greatest thing

in the world, and that it, alone, is worth living for. Love I see everywhere. I look deep down into men's hearts and there behold what is hid from mortal eyes. There I always find this priceless jewel, even though the setting is often unpolished. All my companions are expressions of a greater love, that which permeates the universe with its life. It is this which calls forth the sympathizing tear, impels us to blossom and give to the world the sweetness of our lives; it points out to men their imperfections, and leads them to something higher and purer than themselves. I see it in the faces of the little children I love, in the friends I meet, in the eyes of the careworn I cheer, in the earth below and in the heavens above. Thus we learn to fill our lives with so much good that there will be no room for that which is impure and unholy."

Not far from me grew a white, queenly lily. As I gazed into the fragrant depths of the milk-white blossom, a sad, sweet smile greeted me, and the lily spoke in tenderest accents:

"Many seek to know more of life and those things which are vital to the lives of men. Many things may come to be understood but the solutions of the greater ones must be worked out in one's own life. You will come to recognize, 'tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' One cannot be satisfied and find rest in knowing, only; for that is only one of the great factors in human happiness. Observation has taught me that joy comes from a complete surrender of self to ministering to the needs of others. The scene of my life has not been confined to this garden. Many, many years ago I lived and blossomed on the shores of Galilee and on the Mount of Olives. The memory of those days is ever fresh. There I witnessed the coming of the Son of Man, his sorrows, his complete surrender to a life so holy, the countless acts of loving kindness that brought him so near the hearts of those he aided, and his death. I was one of the most sincere listeners to that sermon on the mount, and I was near him when he said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' From him I learned the great lessons of life."

When the lily ceased speaking, I eagerly gazed about me to hear what more I might. Not many minutes passed before I discovered myself standing before a laurel. Astonished to have heard from the other flowers truths so aptly spoken, I was not surprised when another sweet voice came to me. It was the laurel speaking, and I heard it say:

"I come from a long and noble ancestry. In ancient Greece I became immortalized; I have crowned poets' brows and have honored victorious generals; my leaves were said to impart the gift of prophecy when eaten. Today I live to tell of those glories. During these thousands of years which have passed before my gaze, I have carefully watched man's progress. The attainment he has reached is marvelous, and the immense heights he has scaled proves his power. My gift of prophecy enables me to see farther along. Whether death, here, closes this life or whether it is the door to a higher existence, more beautiful and pure, matters not now. To live implies attaining the fullness of life, the acceptance into it of all that ennobles and purifies and strengthens. Thus attaining all that it is possible for man to attain, and giving to others all that it is in man's power to give, fits one for that life to come. What that life is, we know not, unless it be a growth like the life of one of our own beautiful flowers, a devel-

opment from the seed which may be likened to the germ of goodness in the heart of man, through the various stages of existence, till it becomes full grown, perfect in its own way."

One more voice I heard. It was from a wild rose beckoning to me with its beautiful blossoms from a quiet nook where it had crept unseen. Listen as I repeat what it said:

"Build up, Soul, a lofty stair;
Build a room in healthier air.
Here, there is no rest;
Better leads to best.
Thy friends shall be the eternal stars;
They greet thee from thy casement bars;
Thy homesick feet they lead
Where thou no house shalt need."

A Neglected Gift.

Sydney Smith undoubtedly said aloud what a great many people were saying in an undertone when he called Macaulay "an instrument of social oppression." The brilliant historian and essayist had notable gifts, and has done much for the solace and entertainment of mankind; but his memory must have had an appalling aspect for those who sat near him at a dinner-table. It was relentlessly accurate and the boundaries of it seemed to fade out in an infinity of miscellaneous information. The man who knew his popes so well that he could repeat them backward stood in sore need of the grace of forgetfulness to save him from becoming a scourge to his kind. The glittering eye of the ancient mariner did not hold the wedding guest more mercilessly to his gruesome narrative than does a tyrannical memory bind the weary listener to the recital of things it cannot forget. Burton analyzed melancholy with great subtlety and particularity, but one wonders whether Burton's companionship would not have induced in another the very thing of which he tried to rid himself. Mr. Caxton was a dangerous person in his talking moods, as Pisistratus discovered at an early age, and needed to be diverted from themes which unlocked the stores of his knowledge. For some men hold their information in great masses like the snow on the high Alps, and an unwary step will often bring down an avalanche. Knowledge is of great moment and of lasting interest, but, like money, it must be used with tact and skill. A good library has a solid foundation of books of reference; but they are subordinate to a superstructure of art, grace, vitality and truth.

If one had to choose between Macaulay, who never forgot anything, and Emerson, who rarely remembered anything in an exact, literal way, one would fasten upon the man of insight, and let the man of memory go his own way. In these days the art of memorizing has had great attention, but the art of forgetting has no professed masters and teachers. It is, nevertheless, one of the most important and most charming of the arts; the art of arts, indeed. For the supreme skill of the artist is in his ability to forget the non-essentials and to remember the essentials. The faculty of forgetting gives the mind a true perspective, and shows past events in their just proportions and right relations. The archæological painter forgets nothing, and his picture leaves us cold; the poetic painter forgets everything, save the two or three significant things, and his picture sets our imagination aflame. There is entertainment in old Burton, because the man sometimes gets the better of his memory; there is inspiration in Emerson, because the man speaks habitually as

if all things were new-created, and there was nothing to remember. The past is a delightful friend if one can live without it, but to the man who lives in it there is no greater tyrant.

As the world grows older, the power to forget must grow with it, or mankind will bend, like Atlas, under a weight which will make movement out of the question. That only which illumines, enlarges or cheers men ought to be remembered; everything else ought to be forgotten. The rose in bloom has no need of the calyx whose thorny shielding it has outgrown. When the recollection of the past stimulates and inspires, it has immense value; when its splendors make us content to rest on ancestral achievements, it is a sore hindrance. Filial piety holds the names of the fathers sacred; but we are living our lives, not theirs, and it is far more important that we should do brave and just deeds than that we should remember that others have done them. The burning of the Alexandrian library was not without its compensations, and the rate at which books are now multiplied may some day compel such burnings at stated intervals, for the protection of an oppressed race. The books of power are always few and precious, and long life is decreed for them by reason of the very vitality which gives them their place; but the books of information must be subjected to a principle of selection, more and more rigorously applied as the years go by. Our posterity must conscientiously forget most of the books we have written.

For the characteristic of art—the thing that survives—is not memory, but insight. Our chief concern is to know ourselves, not our forbears: and to master this modern world, not the world of Cæsar or that of Columbus. The great writer speaks out of a personal contact with life, and while he may enrich his report by apt and constant reference to the things that have been, his authority rests on his own clarity of vision and directness of insight. "Our age," says Emerson, "is retrospective. It builds the sepulchers of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."

Progress is largely conditioned on the ability to forget the views and conclusions which will have become authoritative. It took nearly a century of adventurous sailing and perilous adventure to persuade Europe that there was an undiscovered continent between China and its own shores; so possessed was the European mind with the consistent blunders of the past about this Western hemisphere. In the history of art, what are called the classical epochs—the periods of precision, accuracy, and conventional restraint—are inspired by memory; but the creative moments are moments of forgetfulness. The renaissance was a moment of rediscovery, not of memory; the literary

movement of this century involved a determined forgetting of the standards and methods of the last century. The age that lives in its memory of other times and men is always timid and imitative; the age that trusts its own insight is always audacious and creative. If we are to be ourselves, we must forget a good deal more than we remember.

There is a real grace of character in forgetting the things that disturb the harmony of life. A keen remembrance of injustice or suffering breeds cynicism; the power to forget that we have been wronged, or that life has pressed heavily upon us, develops sweetness, ripeness and harmonious strength. On the threshold of any future life, one must pass through a great wave of forgetfulness; it were better for us all if heaven were nearer to us by reason of the swift oblivion to which we consigned the wrongs we suffer in this brief burning of the candle of life.—*The Outlook.*

What is Prayer?

Is prayer, O Lord, to call on high,
To ask of Thee with weary sigh,
When troubled souls o'erburdened weep,
And tear-drops deftly play with sleep;
A balm, to soothe the grieving heart,
To sever every pain apart
That freedom from the spirit holds,
Now happily this life enfolds?

Have we a right, O Lord, to pray,
Send Thou Thy sunshine o'er our way,
Take every cloud and hide it far,
That darkness ne'er our path may mar;
To ask and beg for only joy,
As babes do cry for sweets and toy,
Forgetting that it best may be,
To have not always good from Thee?

Shall we neglect, O Lord, to pray,
And of our gratitude to say,
When blessings ever tenderly,
In sweetest mercy come from Thee;
When storms are far from earthly view,
And all about is kindly true,
When gentle whisperings from above,
Do softly speak of Thy pure love?

Have we a right, O Lord, to ask,
Who shirk our every honored task,
In woeful, willful knowledge still,
O'erlook Thy teachings and Thy will,
For aught that may us bounty bring,
And make our hearts to gladly sing,
To ask for Thy kind love and care,
Could this, O Lord, be called a prayer?

Is prayer to move the lips at night,
And with the dawning of the light,
To know Thee not through all the day,
And end the good in what we pray;
To enter on the worldly strife,
To battle with the wrongs of life,
To fall a victim in the fight,
Forgetting Thee again till night?

Is prayer but mockery at best,
A momentary, longed-for rest;
Shall we for mercy ask one hour,
And in the next forget Thy power;
Shall we rebel, when punishment,
From Thee, still loving us, is sent;
Dost Thou not chasten for our good,
E'er though Thy will's not understood?

Is it not well that we should pray,
In what we do, in what we say;
May not our hearts in simple act,
Make prayer an everliving fact;
To chase the tears from them away,
Who have not known themselves to pray,
To lead the stray ones to Thy door,
To learn of Thee forevermore?

Dost Thou, O Lord, not give enough,
To teach us prayer with anxious love,
Who sendest here, so fairly made,
In Thy pure image, well portrayed,
The human flowers, that emblems be,
Of heaven's own divinity,
Whose goodness touches souls within,
So free from aught that may be sin?

—MINNIE F. LOW in *Reform Advocate.*

The Jewish New Year.

With sunset Wednesday next, Sept. 18, will end the year 5655, and begin the year 5656, according to the Jewish era, from the creation of the world. In all the synagogues and temples, of whatever shade of religious opinions, by the orthodox and by the liberals, the "new year" will be welcomed with solemn services. The number of those Jews who will neglect to visit the houses of worship on this occasion is not very large. For whatever changes have taken place in the religious practices, and whatever modifications may be noticeable in the religious doctrines of the Jews during the last fifty years, the two festivals of the fall season, the "fearful days" as they are called, viz., the new year (rosh-hash-shanah) and the day of atonement (yom-hak-kippurim), occurring at an interval of ten days from each other, have retained, almost unimpaired, their former spell to stir the Jewish hearts to their very depths.

One unacquainted with the post-biblical writings of the Jews will have great difficulty to understand both the hold which these solemn days even now have on the Jews and their exceptional significance in the synagogue's festal cycle. For, turning to the Pentateuch for information, he will be surprised to find that this new year's day is not only not marked by distinctive pomp, but even in comparison with other holidays strangely neglected. In fact, there is nothing in the biblical writings to indicate its character as marking the beginning of the new year.

Leviticus xxiii., 24, 25, ordains that the first day of the seventh month be observed as a day of solemn rest, a memorial of the blowing of the horn, a holy convocation. While other festivals are marked in the sacrificial ritual by copious prescribed offerings, this one requires the sacrifice of only one heifer. [Numbers xxix., 1.] The sole distinctive feature, as far as the Pentateuch throws light on the celebration, is the "blowing of the horn." But even this ceases to be peculiar to it, if one remember that in those ancient days the horn signal ushered in not merely the beginning of the seventh month, but announced for every lunation the appearance of the new moon. [Psalm lxxxii., 4.] In fact this instrument, the material and shape of which is far from being definitely known, was employed in old Israel for a variety of purposes. It did the service of the more modern town bell, or town crier. It called the people together in times of danger; it was sounded to apprise them of some occurrence or other of interest to them. Originally, it must have been a very primitive affair, a simple ram's horn, probably like the instrument now used in the synagogues; still both in the biblical records and in the later writings of the Jews there are indications that trumpets of costly metal and artistic shape are employed in the stead of the pastoral and rude ram's horn. That the signal was sounded on the first day of the seventh month would, therefore, in the days of old Israel, not mark the occasion as peculiarly exceptional.

The fact is, both the solemn associations of this day and its designation as new

year's day are due to post-biblical, or to be more exact, to post-exilic circumstances. The Babylonian exile, as is well established, marks in many respects the turning point in Israel's religious development. Certain it is that the biblical documents presuppose the Jewish year to begin with the vernal equinox or thereabout. It seems that the Jews accepted the custom of fixing on the autumn season as the new year's commencement from the Assyrian-Babylonians. The post-biblical Jewish calendar is of undoubted Assyrian-Babylonian origin. The names of the months are identical. That of the seventh month, Tishri, implies etymologically its service as marking the beginning. In the Bible the months have other names, to judge by the three that alone are quoted. This Tishri then, coincidental with the seventh month of the old Hebrew calendar, was in the Babylonian exile, or shortly thereafter, in conformity with the Assyrian practice regarded as the first of the year. The circumstance that it was in the seventh of the old order may have helped to bring about this result.

Seven is the holy number of the Hebrews; there is ground for the suspicion that when gradually the announcing of the new moon by means of trumpet sounds ceased in the case of the other months, it was continued in that of the seventh, on account of the holiness of its ranking number. In this way the "memorial of the trumpet" came to be connected with the new year's day. Or, perhaps, something may have occurred of which we know nothing shortly after the return of the exiles, to give the day its memorial character. There are critics who hold that the dedication of the new wall around Jerusalem may have been the event in memory of which the trumpet continued to be sounded on its anniversary day. But this is even all a matter of more or less happy conjecture. Positive is, however, this that only in the post-biblical documents is the festival known as the "head of the year." Its most peculiar rite is this very blowing of the horn. That this custom has given rise to a rich variety of symbolic interpretations stands to reason. It is held to recall the revelation of God on Sinai, also accompanied by the blasts of the Shophar—to use the Hebrew name of the instrument. Again, it is associated with the ram, substituted by divine interposition for Isaac on Mount Moriah. It is emblematic of God's kingship heralding His divine rule to man, a symbol of the homage due to God from His mortal subject. Or it is construed to be an appeal to the sinner to repent of his evil ways, the "broken" notes being indicative of the contrition that should possess his heart. It is also an appeal to God to temper justice with grace. For its rabbinical conception, the day is also the great day of judgment. God sits in judgment over the deeds of all mankind. Two scrolls are open before him—one of the living, the other of the dead—into which, according to merit or divine wisdom, the heavenly arbiter of human fate records the names of men. On this day the decree goeth forth whether life or death, plenty or poverty, drought or abundance, of rain, peace or war, shall befall men and countries. In this the student of Assyrian conceits will have no difficulty to recognize Assyrian influences. For the Assyrian new year was also considered to be the day when the gods convened to determine the lot of the mortals.

Legal micrology of the rabbis and the mystic tendencies of devout hearts found ample opportunity to exercise their ingenuity in fixing the number of the trumpet's blasts necessary and their character. Origin-

ally costly trumpets were used in the temple at Jerusalem, the rude ram's horn seemed to be utilized in the synagogues of the outlying districts. But, as said before, the ram's horn is the one now deemed requisite by the orthodox, though in the reformed temples generally the custom has arisen to have an appropriate psalm sung to the accompaniment of trumpets in lieu of the shrill notes finally prescribed by the rabbinical authorities. Satan's interference with the proper execution of the signals is dreaded by the superstitious, and certain formulæ and prayers are, in consequence, recommended, with a view to thwart the designs of this prince of accusers, on that day more than on any other interested to lay his charges before God's throne.

That on this day the world was created is the opinion of some of the Talmudic doctors. Hence its annual occurrence adds another year to the number elapsed since God commanded chaos to range itself into his designed order. But, nevertheless, the habit of counting, according to the era, from the creation of the world, is, comparatively speaking, very recent among the Jews. The first indications of its employment are found in documents of the latter half of the tenth Christian century. The number of the year opening Wednesday night, 5656, is based on the following figures, computed partly from biblical data, and partly from traditional calculations. From the creation to the exodus from Egypt were reckoned 2,448 years; from exodus to the destruction of the second temple, 1,380 years. This year corresponds to the year 68 of the Christian era. So, to know which year the new one of the era Anno Mundi is, we must subtract 68 from 1,896, which leaves 1,828, and add thereto 2,448 and 1,380—3,828. To recapitulate, 1,828 and 3,828—5,656.

The years of this era are not of equal lengths. The Jewish year is a lunar one. But, as the solar years and the lunar do not correspond, and the seasons of the festivals are fixed by biblical ordinance, the Jewish year is in contradistinction *f. i.* with the Mohammedan lunar year—not movable, but fixed; that is to say, by a system of intercalary months the discrepancy between the solar and lunar year, eleven days in the rough, in favor of the former, is equalized. So the Jewish calendar has a cycle of nineteen lunar years in which seven intercalary months occur, equal (though not quite) to nineteen solar years. The intercalary year consists of thirteen months, the twelfth Adar being doubled; while the other has twelve months of thirty and twenty-nine days respectively. Two months, the eighth and ninth, may have either twenty-nine or thirty days, while the intercalary month, and in leap years also, his namesake have thirty days. The fact that the eighth and ninth months may be increased or decreased is due to certain astronomical-arithmetical considerations and ritual necessities. Fragments of days are neglected each year until they amount to a full day, when it is added to the eighth month, making it thirty days. For certain ritual reasons, New Year's Day can only fall on a Monday, Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday. In consequence, we have six different kinds of years—(1) ordinary; (a) defective, of 353 days; (b) regular, of 354 days; (c) abundant, of 355 days; and the three corresponding kinds in the intercalated class, of 383, 384 and 385 days respectively. The year now beginning will end on Sept. 8, 1896. It belongs to the class of the ordinary abundant.

As every New Year's Day is a most propitious time for the exchange of civilities and the compliments of the season, so is the

Jewish. In the ritual of the synagogue, the prayer is on that day that all men, without distinction of race or creed, be recorded in the book of life for a year of happiness and good works, and as the friends meet they repeat, in Hebrew, the wish, "For a good year may you be recorded." And with this wish extended to all of *The Times-Herald's* readers, let the Jewish New Year be welcome also in our Chicago, for whose welfare none will be more eager to pray, that is to work, than those gathered in temple and synagogue next Wednesday and Thursday. —DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH in *Chicago Times-Herald*, Sept. 15.

Mental Work.

When I say that a man has a horror of work, I mean the work of original production of ideas and not that of exercise, by means of which the mental organs are kept in a state of health. For instance, that which is commonly called the imaginative faculty, taken in its restricted sense, is only the faculty of associating a great many mental images together, in order to realize numerous and varied combinations of these, which, in certain cases, produce great psychic pleasure. Take a volume of poems, written by some fanciful poet, as Shelley or Baudelaire; these verses excite in us images and their many and varied combinations, and give to our imaginations the means of exercising it very pleasantly. This is *exercise*. Real work, on the contrary, would be that of evoking these images in the mind without the exterior means of poetry, painting, sculpture, etc., exactly as the poet, painter, and sculptor create the works which later set to work the imagination of men. Everybody reads books, but very few write them; and of those who do write, very few really work, that is, write original things, which are the result of personal mental associations; the others imitate or copy, which, again, is but mental exercise. Receptivity, that is, the faculty of comprehending and assimilating ideas, is very common; but true creative power, on the contrary, is very rare.

But there is another, and still more decisive proof, in support of the theory of the least effort. Not only is almost all that which is commonly called work simply exercise, but real work tends to become transformed into exercise. Every mental act, several times repeated, becomes automatic; thus, for example, certain associations of ideas, which become established in the mind, finish, if often repeated, by being so closely united, that one of these ideas evokes all the others, without the least mental effort. Every one knows that each writer and each scholar has his own particular character; it would be impossible to confound a romance of Zola with one of Dickens; a drama of Shakespeare with one of Goethe; a book of Spencer with one of Hegel. Now the character of a writer is only the result of the transformation of creative work into mental exercise. At first the writer or scholar was obliged to make an effort in order to affirm his originality, that is to say, in order to study the phenomena of life according to his temperament and intellectual inclinations; he was obliged to create his style, if an artist, and his method and system, if a scholar; in brief, he was obliged to accustom his mind to work in a certain way. When the intellectual habits are formed, work becomes much easier, but also less original. The work is better done, more rapidly, but everything has a common character. Take the series of Spencer's works, "First Principles," "Principles of Biology,"

"Psychology," "Sociology," etc. You find here the same fundamental principle, that of evolution, applied to different phenomena, and the same simple style, a little hard, but of a precision which has never been surpassed. Take all the romances of Balzac or of Zola; the general construction, the framework, the fundamental type of characters, the method of psychological analysis, the style, are the same. A few writers of more powerful genius have succeeded in creating several types of art, as, for example, Shakespeare; but in general, all great writers have the one form of art. Those who succeed in making an original creation of each work, write very little and leave few works. Great philosophers remain prisoners of their systems, because, having once created a grand theory, they are not capable of another creative effort, and observe facts according to the theory to which their minds are accustomed. The artist ends by having mannerisms, because accustomed to see and represent things in a certain way. —*Revue des Revues*.

Max Nordau.

The following remark will perhaps not be considered too late by many who are familiar with the literary productions of Max Nordau. It is significant that the adverse criticism directed against his latest work on "Degeneration" comes from sources that betray a want of knowledge of the scientific aspect of the subject of which it treats. Many of the unfavorable notices are exceedingly unfair and sometimes couched in language which is no credit to its author. There is no questioning the fact of degeneration that often appears under the guise of genius and talent, but that Nordau includes under the caption of diagnosis, specimens that were formerly unrecognized, has raised around his head a hornet's nest of detractors.

The alienist has long ago been acquainted not only with the stigmata of the degenerate, but also with numerous morbid signs of mental aberration, which not only escape the notice of the ordinary observer, but also the medical man, who has not made them a subject of special study. In every text-book on mental disorders, the statement may be found, that the dangerous classes of society that continually come before our police and criminal courts, belong to the category of the degenerate. Then again, not every crank discourses on his grotesque notions or promenades his perverse designs, though now and then the public is horrified by some deed which had for a long time brooded in an abnormal brain. The merit of Max Nordau consists not only in having utilized the investigations of experts, but in having searched for the evidences of degeneration where they are the least expected and illustrated their morbid condition under a variety of forms.

It certainly comes down like a shock to be told that men of acknowledged genius and talent are found, who are affected by a trend of the mind, or a depravity of taste which is pathological and bears resemblance to the nervous furniture of the hysterical and the neurosthenic. With a wealth of facts and seconded by literary skill, Max Nordau enters upon the discussion of his subject, being well aware of the sore spots he would touch in his animadversion on the flaws of modern poetry and prose, painting and music, by showing their unhealthy aspect and dwelling on their immoral influence. He traverses for this purpose with a well-stocked information and great insight into these domains and draws inferences which are difficult to dispute. The book must, how-

ever, be carefully read, and not gone over as one of entertainment, in order to judge whether its author has succeeded in his efforts or is himself paradoxical. Whatever this judgment may be, it cannot be denied that it will meet with facts and scientific conclusions which are highly interesting and very often surprising. For instance, according to Nordau's diagnosis of Nitsches state of mind, whose dreamy vagaries had fascinated many a Germany student of philosophy, should have become the inmate of an insane asylum, which actually happened. Nordau looked through Oscar Wilde long before this talented and erratic individual came to his fall. As a specimen of criticism which Nordau bases on a decided mental obliquity, characterizes some of Wagner's music as an absurd attempt to dramatize conceptions of thought by orchestration, while the only vehicle of intelligent thought is language.—DR. A. B. ARNOLD.

A Useful Possession.

If a string is in a knot,
Patience will untie it;
Patience can do many things,
Did you ever try it?
If 'twas sold at any shop
I should like to buy it,
But you and I must find our own,
No other can supply it.

ANNA M. PRATT, in *Every Other Sunday*.

Mors et Vita.

What matter if thou be no more,
O! storm tossed bark
Adrift and far from friendly shore,
All aimless, dark
Thy course must ever henceforth be.
Not so. New life and cheer thy light,
Though flickering,
Some weary soul, at dead of night,
Perchance will bring;
Else lost upon the ruthless sea.

Scientists predict that in a century's time there will be no disease that is not curable.

M. Fassinari, a Parisian scientist, has been experimenting with the smoke of tobacco and finds it to be one of the most perfect germicides and disinfectants ever used.

Originally there were no seats in the great cathedrals and mediæval churches. Worshipers stood or knelt. The first innovation was the introduction of small pieces of cloth to keep the feet or knees from contact with the cold stone floors.

An interesting movement has been initiated by a few of the Jewish leaders in London to secure the better physical training of Jewish lads and young men in the more congested districts of Jewish population. The intention is to establish something more than an East End gymnasium. A weekly drill and parade are spoken of, as well as an annual summer camp on some great open space like Dartmoor and Salisbury Plain.

Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, tells a characteristic story about Wendell Phillips. "Several clergymen," he says, "boarded a street car in Boston one day, and one of them, hearing it intimated that Wendell Phillips was in the car, got up and asked the conductor to point him out. The conductor did so, and the minister, going up to the orator, said: 'You are Mr. Phillips, I am told?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I should like to speak to you about something, and I trust, sir, you will not be offended.' 'There is no fear of it,' was the sturdy answer, and then the minister began to ask Mr. Phillips earnestly why he persisted in stirring up such an unfriendly agitation in one part of the country about an evil that existed in another part. 'Why,' said the clergyman, 'do you not go south and kick up this fuss and leave the north in peace?' Mr. Phillips was not the least ruffled, and answered, smilingly: 'You, sir, I presume, are a minister of the gospel?' 'I am, sir,' said the clergyman. 'And your calling is to save souls from hell?' 'Exactly, sir. Well, then, why don't you go there?'"—*Life's Calendar*

The Home

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Sun.—Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. God can afford to wait; why cannot we?

Mon.—It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden of today, that the weight is more than man can bear. Leave the future to Him.

Tues.—The defeat of the intellect is not the object in fighting with the sword of the Spirit, but the acceptance of the heart.

Wed.—The best preparation for death is life.

Thurs.—The way to know is to do the known.

Fri.—From action springs alone,
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.

Sat.—One ought not to get out of sympathy with the wrong.

Geo. MacDonald.

To Every One his Own.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.
The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.
Yon floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready pledged to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.
The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

"Lay Hold on the Better Part."

BY MRS. JESSIE WHITSITT.

"Take joy home, and make a place for her; and give her time to grow and cherish her." One of the great mistakes we make in our homes is, that we do not study each other's happiness. The mother, as a rule, is the one so often neglected. Some little thing could be done for her happiness that would make her young for days. If the grown up daughter would say, "Mother needs a rest today; I will do the work alone"; or, the husband would say, "Come wife, we will take a drive, you have worked enough for one day"; but they don't think that she needs a rest or a little fresh air, and thus the weary mother plods on her weary way, no change and no words of appreciation or praise. Then we have the indifferent wife; the husband's careworn face shows that his pleasure is not taken into consideration. When he returns home at night the family are so much engrossed with their own affairs, that they have no time to give to father. People may drag out a miserable existence without approval and affection, but if they know they are appreciated they will live happier and thrive better. And then the children; don't let them wander beyond the home influence, for the want of consideration and love. Plan little surprises for their pleasure; praise their work, their drawing, music and writing. Let them know that they are very dear to you, and that they have a part in the making of the happy home. There is nothing like home amusements to keep children's joys innocent and to keep them out of bad company. We

would be shocked if we could get a glimpse of the young people on the downward road to destruction, for the reason, that having cold disagreeable homes, they sought amusement elsewhere. One will be repaid many times by making self-sacrifices for the pleasure and comfort of the other members of the family. The best in life—the happy, cheerful house depends upon the inmates; and would that each member would accept of it; fathers and mothers become better help-mates and kinder parents; developing the good and beautiful and combining their strength and progress; then there will come a natural growth of respect and affection and out of this will come a heavenward structure—a real home.

Little Things.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleetier,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God gives me love, and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

—Youth's Instructor.

Clothing.

More than five sixths of the heat that the body produces passes off through the skin, and during the colder parts of the year, the clothing protects us against the cold by retaining some of this heat in its meshes and fiber, and by this means preserves the body from losing more heat than it would be able to manufacture. In some individuals this heat-producing function of the body becomes developed to a remarkable extent, and we are struck with the limited amount of clothing which serves to keep them comfortable. There are some tribes of the North American Indians which are marked examples of this fact. With merely a blanket wound loosely around them, they will endure a temperature that would cause the average white man to shiver even when well clothed. There is no doubt that the body can be educated to produce many times the average amount of heat, and thus dispense with some of its clothing; yet experiments of this class are always attended with danger, and it is wiser for us to find out how to clothe ourselves comfortably without debilitating our bodies, and yet at the same time not waste our vitality in unnecessary exposures to the cold.

There are some animals whose fur changes to correspond as nearly as possible with the color that the season puts on the surrounding objects. This is undoubtedly that they may be more safe from the eye of the hunter, and from other enemies; but excluding this class of animals, we find that the fur of many of the others becomes lighter colored in summer. In this way they are made much more comfortable during the hot season. Dark-colored clothing absorbs more than twice as much of the rays of the sun as the lighter-colored goods. So we find a sound basis for the prevailing custom of wearing light-colored clothing in summer and dark in winter. Other considerations with regard to clothing will be noted in a future article.—DAVID PAULSON, M. D., in *Youths' Instructor*.

Far southern domestic arrangements approach in some aspects those of the East Indies. There is a host of low-paid servants, each with a small specialty, and many of them living at their own miserable homes. Nothing is accomplished save by strenuous insistence on the part of the mistress, and all provisions unconsumed and not under lock and key go to the several homes of the servants.

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The Liberal Field.

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Calendar of Unitarian Conferences.

Minnesota, Sept. 17-19, St. Cloud.
Wisconsin, Oct. 1-3, Madison.
Illinois, Oct. 8-9, Shelbyville.
Iowa, Oct. 15-17, Anamosa.
National, Oct. 21-24, Washington, D. C.

Iowa Universalist Convention

will hold its Fifty-third Annual Session at Iowa Falls, on Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29, with the following program.

Wednesday, Sept. 25, 7:30 P. M.—Introductory Sermon, Rev. John M. Gretchell, of Waterloo, Subject: "Thoughts for the Hour."

Thursday, Sept. 26, 9:00 A. M.—Conference Meeting, Rev. T. E. Dotter, leader. Subject: "The Denominational Outlook in Iowa." (a) The field as it appears. (b) The ideal we would attain. (c) The difficulties in the way.

10:00 A. M.—Organization of the Convention.

11:00 A. M.—Communion Service, in charge of Rev. Amos Crum, D.D. Communion service to be followed by collection for the "Gunn Ministerial Fund."

2:00 P. M.—Convention in session. Reports—(1) Executive Committee. (2) Treasurer. (3) Committee on Fellowship. (4) Secretary's Report.

4:00 P. M.—Address, Rev. Sophie Gibb, of Dubuque. Subject: "Some Demands of the Hour Upon the Liberal Church."

7:30 P. M.—The Occasional Sermon, Rev. S. L. Crum, of Boone.

Friday, Sept. 27, 9:00 A. M.—Conference Meeting, Rev. H. L. Gillespie, leader. Subject: "Sources of Spiritual Power."

10:00 A. M.—The Pastor's Hour. (a) The best use of Books and the best Books to use, Rev. Dr. Crum. (b) The Temptations of Books, Rev. Charles Graves. (c) The Place of Science in Pulpit Ministration, Rev. Jno. Arnoup.

11:00 A. M.—Convention in session.

2:00 P. M.—Session of the State Women's Missionary Association, Miss Alta Light, Webster City, president; Mrs. Kate Lasher, Webster City, secretary.

7:30 P. M.—Applied Christianity. Ad-

resses by Prof. Geo. H. Herron of Iowa College, and Hon. L. G. Powers, Commissioner of Labor for the State of Minnesota.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 9:00 A. M.—Conference, Rev. Eliza Curtis, leader. Subject: "The World is Ever Young." (a) The value of youthful zeal. (b) Ideal unattained. (c) Loyalty to convictions.

10:00 A. M.—The Young People's Christian Union and Allied Societies, Rev. Chas. E. Varney, president; Miss Ida Seems, secretary.

1. The Report of the Secretary.

2. Paper, "The Boston Convention: What it was, and what we may hope from it," Miss Mary McAchran, Bloomfield.

3. Paper, "The Liberal Church as a helper to Young Women," Miss Jennie Hayford, Cedar Rapids.

4. Paper, "Onward," E. P. Sinclair, Waterloo.

2:00 P. M.—Convention business.

3:00 P. M.—Address, "Our Educational Opportunities," Prof. J. Clarence Lee, of Lomhard University.

7:30 P. M.—Sermon, Rev. Chas. I. Deyo, of Anamosa.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 9:00 A. M.—Regular session of the Iowa Falls Sunday School.

10:00 A. M.—Sunday School Paper, "Making the Best Use of our Available Means," Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids.

10:45 A. M.—Sermon, Rev. James Kay Applebee, of Marshalltown.

6:30 P. M.—Memorial Services, F. A. Bomer, late President of the Convention, and Rev. L. F. Porte.

7:30 P. M.—Concluding Sermon, Rev. Amos Crum, D.D., of Webster City.

Illinois Liberal Congress.

The state secretary preached at Genoa Sunday morning, Sept. 15th, to a large audience. This was the second service held by him in this place. There seems to be a desire for regular services and a large number of people are interested in the idea of an organization. The secretary found the same state of preparedness here for liberal services that he has found elsewhere. This is the sixth place he has visited since commencing his work, and in each and all there is the same condition of things. There is everywhere revolt against the old order of theological ideas among the most thoughtful peo-

ple. There is a desire for religious instruction in keeping with the knowledge and wisdom of today. The fields are white unto the harvest. Everywhere there are signs of the dawn of a new religious era.

In the evening the secretary returned to Freeport, but a drenching rain prevented the assembling of an audience. An informal talk was given to the ten people who braved the storm and also the hearty thanks of the speaker for their courage. A. N. ALCOTT.

Geneva, Ill.

A very pleasant occasion in our neighborhood was the marriage of Rev. F. L. Bennett and Miss Alice Barker of La Fox, on Sept. 5th. The ceremony took place under the trees at the residence of the bride's brother and more than a hundred guests were present from near and distant parts. The wedding service was conducted by Mr. Secrist of Milwaukee, assisted by Mrs. Woolley. There was a goodly representation of the clergy present, six ministers of the Unitarian faith and one from the Methodist.

Mr. De Laner and Mr. Wyman, of Topeka, were among the former and acted as groom's attendants. Mr. Bennett is a recent graduate from the Divinity School of Harvard, and has accepted a call to Carthage, Mo., where he enters upon his duties the 15th. Miss Barker is a graduate of Champaign University and has been a teacher in that institution for a number of years. She brings a wide culture and deep moral enthusiasm to her new work of minister's assistant. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bennett bear with them the loving congratulations of hosts of friends, and best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

Sterling, Ill.

The Peoples Church here is doing remarkably well. Its supporters were much discouraged last spring, before the present minister came and felt somewhat inclined to give up the movement. But Mr. Baker has succeeded in winning the esteem and respect of all who have become acquainted with him. He has staid steadily at his post during the whole summer and done excellent work, judging by the results. The audience has steadily grown, and last Sunday—when the western secretary visited that church—there were a hundred or more in the morning and half as many more in the evening, fairly filling the hall. If the work goes on as it has started, it will not be long before there is a self-sustaining church here.

San Francisco, Cal.

SECOND CHURCH. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague returned from the north August 1st, and the church has resumed its usual activities. The Sunday School has adopted a course of Old Testament lessons. Mrs. Sprague has turned her Sunday Evening Bible Class over to the instruction of a former Jewish rabbi, Dr. Danzinger, who will make of it a teachers' meeting as well as a Bible class. With this relief Mrs. Sprague is resuming her wonted activity as a missionary in the outlying fields. The deserted field at Los Gatos will invite her first energy. Mr. Sprague has just completed a course of Sunday evening sermons on "Science and Religion" which have proved very attractive and filled the church to its utmost. In the course Mr. Sprague paid a tribute to the life and work of Prof. Huxley, and devoted an evening to the study of Drummond's "The Ascent of Man," another evening to Kidd's "Social Evolution," and closed the series with a very stirring theological sermon, drawing the illustration from the religious discussions of the characters in Trilby. Mr. Sprague announces somewhat of an innovation, in a series of "Sunday

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Toledo, Ohio.

The subjects for consideration in September at the Church of Our Father, Rev. A. G. Jennings, are as follows, "Beginnings," "The Man Who Waits," "Another Consideration of Life after Death," "Restlessness," "A Jealous God."

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

Mr. Gannett's Leaflets.

Owing to delay in the mails the first number of Mr. Gannett's lessons of the Flowering of Christianity did not reach us for distribution till Monday morning. Therefore it could not be sent out in time for the schools before Sunday, Sept. 15. As the first number is dated the 15th, they will fall on the printed date, and we hope that the following numbers will arrive in time for the successive Sundays without any further delay.

Correspondence

A Few Days in Kentucky.

"Ever the good comes uppermost" is the welcome assurance of a modern prophet, "speaking as the oracles of God speak." This, we are seeing more clearly every day. The east, north and west have made great strides in advancement in all lines of progress. The south, true to her nature, is plodding along the same highway. She does not travel rapidly; but she does not suffer from those disheartening reactions that characterize other sections. The south likes rapidity in her race horses but in business, politics and religion, she moves slowly. Ten years of absence enabled me to get the contrast and to mark the rate of progress more distinctly.

There has been no union of churches, no new uprisings in religion; but all the churches have traveled to the higher elevations of peace and hope. In the so-called "good old days," when rant and roar and brimstone were the stock in trade of the theologian, when the devil was the most popular of theological personages, constituting a kind of demiurgic divinity who was as essential to the general scheme of salvation as any other divinity, great or small, good or bad, the lines between the denominations were sharply drawn; and the little time they had left after fighting each other was spent in indifference, or in denouncing the wicked. Strange as it may seem to an outsider, the most lawless desperado and free-booter will listen with all due respect and proper humility to the most scathing and bitter denunciation of his conduct from the pulpit without any thought of resentment—if the speaker does not call his name. Indeed, he expects it; would really be aggrieved not to hear some denunciation

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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of "the devil and his angels." The "cloth" is everywhere respected as long as it is respectable. Geo. O. Barnes, a kind of non-sectarian evangelical, can do more to effectually settle a bloody feud than the state militia.

Now, the preaching is generally of a peaceful nature. The popular song is not "Saviour wash me in the blood," but "Peace Be Still."

Another vital change is the subordination of doctrinal to practical preaching, the demand for righteousness in conduct, instead of "soundness in doctrine." Indeed, the old-time doctrinal sermon is rarely heard, and is always disapproved of by the majority, and this in the shades of Lexington and Louisville, where there is more "soundness of opinion" to the square inch on theological questions, than anywhere else in the country. It is expected that the "sound" people are to be found in the country, and they are; it is of the average country church that I am writing. Liberalism in religion has made slow progress in the south. The causes of this I will point out further on.

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The Study Table

MEADOW-GRASS. Tales of a New England Life. By Alice Brown. Boston: Copeland and Day. Pp. 315. \$1.50.

These are pleasant stories, and well made. They are true to New England nature, both outside and in, so showing the harmony between that chill and none too fertile region, with its rich bright summer and soft-stealing spring, and the lives of its inhabitants, so commonplace and cold, yet with wonderful illuminations and sudden heats of passion. There is an unavoidable comparison in the reader's mind between this work and that of Miss Wilkins. There is the same choice of subjects, and much the same treatment.

But Miss Wilkins' touch is finer and more assured. There is a little of the dramatic here, a somewhat startling facility of arrangement, a too sudden and palpable denouement. Also at times the sentiment is a little exaggerated. Compare, for instance, Miss Wilkins' "Gentian" with Miss Brown's "Told in the Poorhouse."

In the first we have a very simple treatment of one theme. The cast-iron hardness of a grim old man against a faithful, loving wife. The provoking circumstance is of the lightest and most natural; and the closing scene inimitable in the triumphant capitulation of the obdurate offender.

In the second we have the same theme, first led up to by a little clever characterization among the Poorhouse inmates, then premised by a setting of ultra devotion and tenderness to throw out the subsequent cruelty; and when the real subject is reached it is treated with such exaggeration as to really weaken the effect. The other feature introduced, that of the undesirable "Maude," who came between husband and wife, is entirely extraneous and tends to make it another kind of story altogether. Still there are probably readers who will prefer this fuller and more strongly flavored work to the subtle delicacy of Miss Wilkins.

Some stories there are here of a most pleasing humor, stories that one reads more than once, because they taste good.

"Heart's ease" is one of these, though



OFFICIAL REPORT

COMPLETE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

First American Congress

OF

Liberal Religious Societies,

Held at Chicago May 22, 23, 24 & 25, 1894.

The Contents Include Papers Read and Addresses Made by

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C. P. S.

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AMONG the interesting announcements for the autumn is that of the preparation of an edition of "Don Quixote," done into English by Mr. George Santayana, of Harvard University. Mr. Santayana, whose volume of poems is now followed by a volume on "Aesthetics," from the Scribners, will also translate anew the verse contained in the book. It will be issued in four thin folio volumes, printed on handmade paper, and with twelve full-page illustrations by a designer whom the publisher, Mr. D. B. Updike, of Boston, has not yet announced.

THE "Carnation Series" is the name given by Stone & Kimball to the various new volumes of short stories which they are preparing for the autumn. The last announced is "The Sin Eater and Other Stories," by Fiona Macleod. The author is a native of the Hebrides, and her writings have a touch of Northern Ossianic mysticism which is a new note in modern English letters.

"THE African Problem" is appropriately considered by Edward W. Blyden, Liberian Minister to the Court of St. James, in the September *North American Review*. Dr. Blyden was born at St. Thomas, West Indies, and is of the purest negro parentage. Unable, on account of racial prejudice, to obtain an education such as he desired in the United States, he proceeded to Liberia and entered there the High School, under the charge of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. By diligence he rose to the headship of the school, and was elected in 1862 to a Professorship in the College of Liberia. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of State by the President of Liberia, and in 1877 was created Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Liberia to Great Britain.

IN *The Popular Science Monthly* for September, ex President Andrew Dickson White reviews The Closing Struggle of the theologians and the higher criticism; relating the stories of Bishop Colenso, Prof. Robertson Smith, Renan, the work of the Italian critics, and Pope Leo's Encyclical on the Study of the Scriptures, and expresses the belief that there is now reason to hope that "the path has been paved over which the Church may gracefully recede from the old system of interpretation and quietly accept and appropriate the main results of the higher criticism." In his fifth paper on Professional Institutions,



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THE *Homiletic Review* for September justifies its promise of a "new departure." The leading article by Dr. Gregory, in his series on "The Preacher and the Preaching for the Present Crisis," treats of "The Preacher and his Furnishing." It emphasizes the absolute necessity for "a different and better training," logical and theological, if the preacher is to have that "complete mastery of the situation, of himself, and of the Bible message," that is requisite in order to the highest success at the present day. Dean Murray, of Princeton College, has a very suggestive and helpful article on "What a Preacher may learn from the Writings of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes." It is thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative. The article by Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, on "The Natural History of the Conflict of Religion and Science," does not deal with the ordinary "conflict and reconciliation business," but presents a broad-minded view of the subject.

FICTION and travel are the strong points of the September *Cosmopolitan* which, by the way, illustrates better than any previous number the perfection of its plant for printing a magazine of the highest class. Conan Doyle, H. H. Boyesen and Clark Russel are among the story-tellers. A well-known New York lawyer relates the story of "A Famous Crime"—the murder of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster. "The Realm of the Wonderful" is descriptive of the strange forms of life discovered by science in the ocean's depths, and is superbly illustrated in a surprising and marvelous way by the author, who is a member of the Smithsonian staff. An article on Cuba is timely. Thomas Moran again contributes a series of the most exquisite landscapes of western scenery, twelve in number, illustrating an article by Col. John A. Cockerill, on "Modern Utah."

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Canaries for Convicts.

Convicts in the Michigan State prison have many more favors than those of almost any other penitentiary in the United States, and it is the belief of the management of the institution that for this reason there are fewer outbreaks of lawlessness than are found elsewhere. Among the favors granted to them at the penitentiary at Jackson is that of keeping and caring for birds. There are fully 600 feathered songsters in Michigan's principal penal institution, all owned and cared for by the convicts, and as soon as daylight approaches on bright mornings their sweet notes are heard in striking contrast to the natural feelings of their owners.

Many of the most hardened criminals, who from their general appearance and history would not be expected to care for anything of a refining nature, tenderly care for and caress their little pets.

More than three-quarters of the cells in the prison contain one or more canaries, and they are also found in various shops throughout the institution. During the day the cages are hung outside the cells to give the birds light and air, but as soon as the convict returns from work at night the cage is taken inside.

This practice has been carried on in the prison for years, and the officials say that instead of any detrimental effect being noticeable, the little songsters have proved a benefit, as they not only give the cells a more home-like appearance, but they also wield a decided influence in the way of humanizing the most reckless and hardened criminal.

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Exposition Notes.

The exhibit of the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum being installed in the Government Building at the Cotton States and International Exposition is, for its size, the most beautiful and impressive that has ever been prepared. An elaborate article, written for the New York Evening Post by Mr. F. E. Leupp, gives a detailed account of the exhibit, a brief glance at which indicates that for novelty and interest the exhibit will rank among the very first attractions at the Exposition. There will be wax figures of all the leading races of men, in characteristic costumes, especially prepared for the Atlanta Fair. The exhibit of the National Museum will be an epitome of the Museum's entire collection. It will include a display of the birds, beasts and serpents of North America, and a collection of the mammals of the world,

THE NEW UNITY

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represented by types. Representative groups will be stuffed and mounted amid accessories representing their environments in life. The same will likewise be done with the birds. Another exhibit will show the history and development of games the world over, including the history of chess and playing cards, and the games from which they took their origin in the earliest times. The relics of prehistoric man will occupy a large space. One of the most notable features of the exhibit will be that part devoted to Biblical archaeology, which will show either originals or facsimiles of the most famous editions of testaments and bibles, including some of the rarest copies in the world. Specimens of all the precious stones used in the Bible will be shown, a model of the high priest's breastplate, a reproduction of the tower of Babylon, supposed to be modeled on the plan of the tower of Babel, a group of models of all the musical instruments mentioned in the Bible, figures illustrating Jewish religious ceremonials and many other attractive Biblical features.

Work on the Illinois Building at the Cotton States International Exposition has begun, and it will be ready by the time the Fair opens. The structure will be used as a clubhouse by the thousands of visitors who will come from Illinois to see the Exposition.

Low-Rate Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 29, September 10 and 24, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell home-seekers, excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the West and Northwest at very low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North Western Railway.



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Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street, W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View, T. G. Milsted, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan Ave. and 64th St. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Millar, minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby Ave.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

To the Unitarian Women.

A meeting of those interested in the reorganizing of the work of the Unitarian women in Chicago and vicinity is to be held at the Third Church on the last Thursday in September (September 26th). Short papers are to be read by Mrs. Waite of the Third Church, Mrs. Elliott of Hinsdale and Mrs. Bangs of All Souls Church. Questions of name, program, affiliations and money are to be considered. A full attendance is requested.

What Do You Think of This!

TIME speeds on—before you realize it Christmas is at hand and the worry of selecting gifts begins. An inexpensive gift that will give pleasure and be of utility and at the same time suggest appropriateness is one of the most difficult problems that confronts us at holiday times. The trouble is we put it off too long. Nothing seems to suggest itself as "just the thing" and thus the important duty of selecting our gifts is left till the last minute and one must then "take what is left." The readers of the NEW UNITY should not be of the dilly-dally sort. The World's Fair souvenir spoons are just the thing. And as bridal or birthday gifts it would be a hard matter to find another gift so pleasing to the donor, at such a small price. One lady writes:

STAUNTON, VA., June 27, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received the spoons O. K. and am more than pleased with them. I am delighted.

I presented one set as a bridal present and they attracted more attention and admiration than any of the other presents.

Enclosed please find postoffice order for the amount \$6.00 for which you will please forward six sets of your "World's Fair" souvenir spoons and the cake basket which you offer as premium for same.

Yours truly,
(Signed) LILLIE V. CROFT, 318 Fayette St.

DESCRIPTION OF SOUVENIR SPOONS.

They are standard after dinner coffee size, heavily coin silver plated, with gold plated bowls, each spoon has a different World's Fair building exquisitely engraved in the bowl, and the handles are finely chased, showing a raised head of Christopher Columbus with the dates 1492-1893, and the World's Fair City. The set is packed in an elegant plush lined case. The entire set is sent prepaid for 99 cents, and if not perfectly satisfactory your money will be refunded.



OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Below will be found a few of the many thousands of cordial letters we are receiving from delighted purchasers. These are not old letters but new ones as may be seen from their dating. They are all letters from subscribers of religious papers.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ills.

AUBURN, ME., May 15, 1895.

Dear Sirs:—I sent for a set of your souvenir spoons for my wife a short time since and you enclosed an offer to make a present of three sets if we would sell six. My wife went out among her friends and sold six in one afternoon. I enclose money order for \$5.94 for the nine sets of spoons.

She thinks she could sell many more among her friends here, and wants to know what you give as presents besides the souvenir spoons. How much longer will the offer last, or rather how much longer will the spoons hold out?

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD W. BONNEY, 8 Myrtle St.

This sounds like business all through. Mr. Bonney's judgment was evidently based upon the fact that the spoons were of real merit and would be in good taste for his wife to take orders among her friends. There are lots of folks who delight in the diversion of interesting their friends in some pleasing article. It isn't canvassing but a commendable method of putting calling days to good practical, profitable use.

MERIDEN, MISS., Aug. 6, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co.

Gentlemen:—I send enclosed, postoffice order for \$7.39 for which please send to my address, one case of your silverware, containing tablespoons, teaspoons and butter plates, six of each and butter knife and sugar spoon. Also six sets of World's Fair spoons. Please send a cake basket as premium for the souvenir spoons. I think I can get orders for several cake baskets when I have one to show the ladies, also butter dishes. This is the tenth set of spoons that I have ordered of you. All are pleased with them. Please address,

MRS. FRANK MEYERS.

343 41st Ave.

FORT MORGAN, COLO., July 8, 1895.

Leonard Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I received your card this morning in regard to the spoons sent us. The spoons came all right and we were well pleased with them. Mrs. Seckner showed them to a few of her lady friends and all wanted them, but all did not feel as though they could take them.

Yours truly,
REV. H. D. SECKNER.

SUMMARY.

If the reader will glance over the "Description of the Souvenir Spoons" there can be no doubt of the genuine bargain that is offered.

The six spoons in plush lined case will be sent prepaid on receipt of 99 cents by P. O. or express money order. Do not send individual checks. If you are not satisfied with them the money will be refunded. No goods sent C. O. D.

Address order plainly.

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